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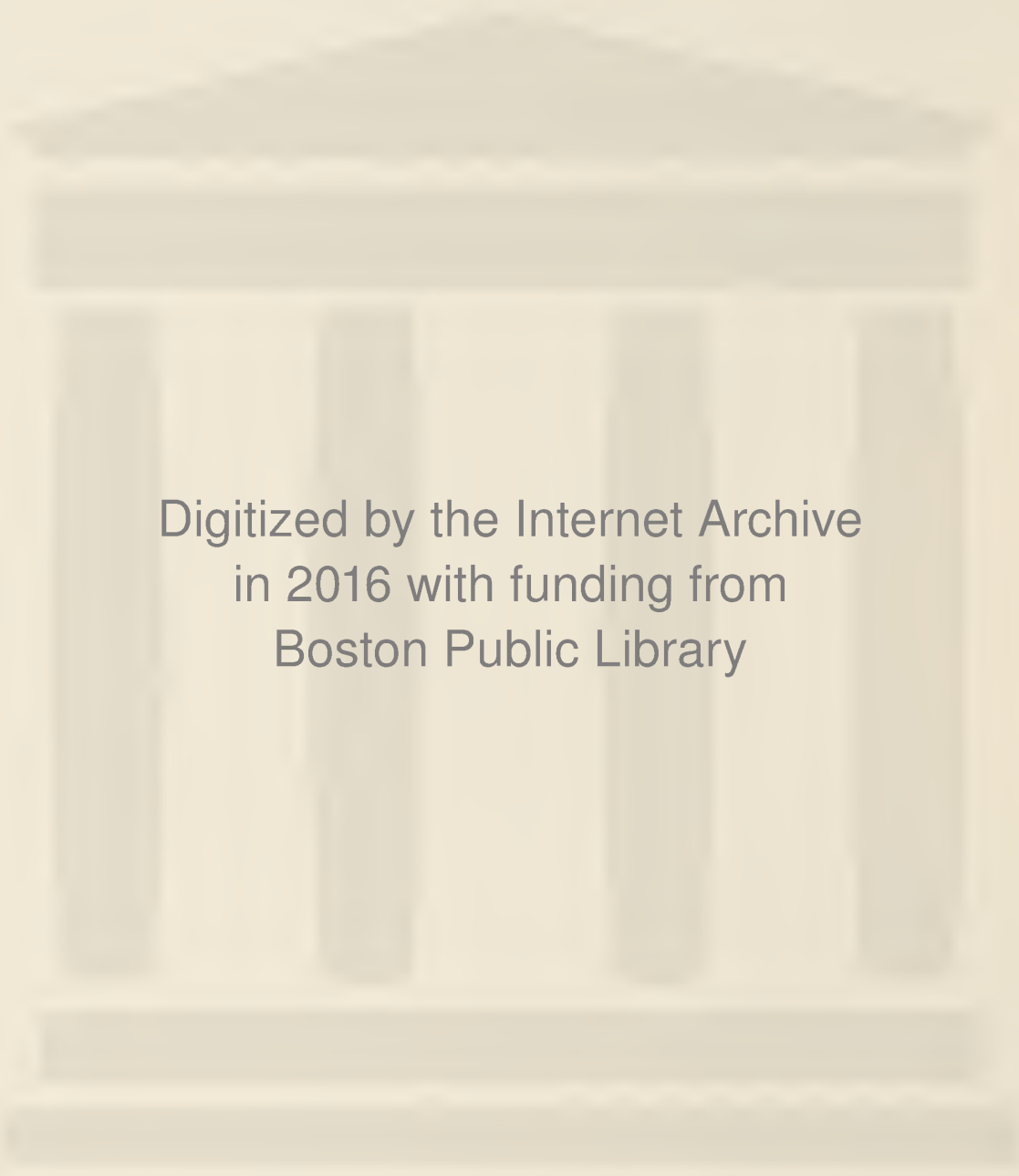


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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

1940



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MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART



1940

DEDICATION

As a slight measure of our admiration for his enlightened understanding and virile artistry, and in appreciation of the contagion of his sincerity, his genuine enthusiasm, and the vision of his teaching, we proudly dedicate this book to

PHILIP O. PALMSTROM



PHILIP O. PALMSTROM

Class of '40

The story of our class should be unique. Not only has art school stirred the dry leaves of our familiar existence with a new life, but the rest of the world has seen to it that the whirling motion did not abate. While we were engrossed in the tales of Nofretete, and the antics of spirited graybeards, a political axis was revolving, social doctrines evolving; an old man with an umbrella went up in the air, a hurricane blew down, and then came the wars. Even the school itself encountered changing forces. As we look back now, however, all these hectic events seem but incidental variations to the main theme; the

leitmotif running through our school days is surprisingly like that of other classes.

The mist clouding our memories of those very early days was partly cleared away as we watched succeeding waves of green smocks flood the school to become absorbed in the same routine of pageants, proms, spreads, and picnics. Leaving with our class are memories of Sulphites, Bromides, and Snoopaths, and of the Holy Pilgrimages with Thoreau; but still common to all classes is the Freshman resolve that neither empty words nor aped actions could ever suffice for us.

The years ran into each other and we knit our whole beings into homogeneous patterns. The more determined the outside world seemed to rock us from our complacency, the more apparent became the sieve-like qualities of the school. Only the decent elements seemed to filter through the screen of easels, casts, and forms behind which we spent our days. And the incidents of our normal day gained in flattering depth what they lost in variety. Occasionally we did something special, such as going to Pops *en masse* to sit on the lordly level; but running more with the main current we recall a steady stream of art galleries, sketching expeditions, proven pictures, second balconies, and the luxuries of browsing. Those were happy days of careless impecuniosity, rich in art and friendship, freedom, and, of course, conversation. And now, as we try to plumb the depths of all that talk, from the esoteric discussions of our backyard

smoker friends to the studio free-for-alls of the D. P.'s, we find that we always came out the same door through which we entered. Perhaps it was all artless prattle, but we believed in its importance.

We pause now to look over our last and most premeditated school project, our theses. For four years we have plunged into the problems of technique preparing for the Great Day when we would give the world Our Message. Still determined not to live by bread alone, we nevertheless fail to divine in our work the Thought to leave behind. But, Wordsworthian sentimentalists that we are, we take with us the comforting thought that in our school days we have found life and food for future years. And the hardest of us, not content with mere nostalgic memories reeking of moth balls and turpentine, can still climb the mountain with Browning to say, "The best is yet to be"!

PHILIP KREVORUCK

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

DONALD SPITZER—PRESIDENT
MARGARET HUTCHINSON—VICE-PRESIDENT
RUTH TORR—SECRETARY
JOAN SPENCER—TREASURER



DRAWING AND PAINTING



· RAPHAEL · TITIAN · REMBRANDT · LEONARDO · VELASQUEZ · HALS ·

DRAWING PAINTING

Autumnal hopes shone brightly as we entered the room we had just inherited. Predestined to work and grow together for another year, we seemed closer than ever.

Morning memories have the oneness of Mr. Gavin's early criticisms. One by one we submitted to his impenetrable reasoning, and were charmed by his boyish spirits. And his nasal clichés were the barometer by which our growth was registered. No one could completely sympathize with our attempts to render our personalized perceptions, but even those working beyond the confines of our room, after having learned with us that "every color is red, yellow and blue," must have heard that Pete was doing it the hard way, Aarne's got bigger and better,



Harold was somewhat of a “*chiceur*,” and most of us were on the “right track.”

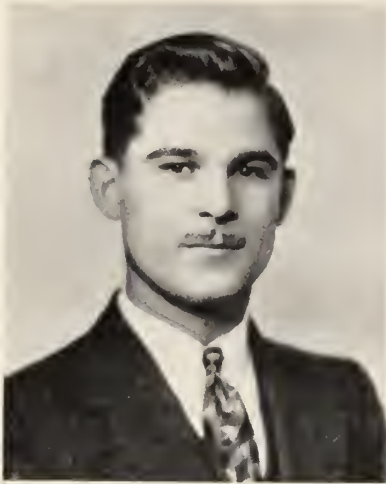
The varieties of thesis work added to the space between easels, but the rest of the school was not altogether wrong in typing the Senior D.P.’s. We were by nature as heterogeneous a company as Bottom’s, but we found it perfectly natural to share interests in the Deacon’s corner. There were art exhibits, plays, radio programs, and a dozen other common bonds to start with; Hutchy’s skiing casualty and Lorraine’s rowing in from Winthrop became matters of common concern; and when our tricolored feminine entourage caught some of the enthusiasm of the hockey play-offs, our unity was complete.

From Mr. O’Donnell’s urbane witticisms or Mr. Major’s eruptions we would return to the room we felt was our own. In the afternoon light, the after-images of our classmates stood before their easels, and we saw beneath the surface of the paint. Underclassmen poured in to pass judgment. Blind to the personalities lingering only for us, they could not realize that Cliff’s “were better than they looked,” or that Phil “knew what he wanted.”

Stealing a momentary respite from our theses, we ponder the problems of the professional field which seem all-important and yet somewhat remote. More than ever we prize each moment because it seems that we shall never again thrill to the experience of living in such a close-knit community, sharing labors and dreams as readily as paint, rags and lunches.

—EDWARD MALSBERG





PETER BELITSOS

With a Byzantine palette and an eye for the children's illustration market, the fruits of his labors were as honest as boiled potatoes. Pete's ledger-like efficiency was belied by the roguish gleam above his dashing moustache and his impetuous vocalizing.



MURIEL BERNIER

We recall with amusement how we stole glances across the aisle into Muriel's pew, trying to fathom the intangible serenity of our blond Beatrix. But the Pre-Raphaelite heroine emerged in an Impressionist light and smiled radiantly over charming portraits at our most boisterous humor.



CLIFFORD GEARY

Behind tobacco clouds sat, or preferably lay, the Trapper. With the philosophy of another day, Cliff wove into a mellow design for living cosmopolitan yarns, ditties and dances, but the main threads of his interest run with the homespun illustrators, having withstood all entanglements with glamor boys.



LORRAINE GRAHAM

After mornings of unobtrusively stroking daubs of muted colored paint, Lorraine could often be found alone with the afternoon shadows of our easels. Dark and cherub faced, we knew that our mild-mannered individualist sympathetically divined the personalities of the rest of us in our paintings.



AARNE HANNINEN

Gentle and retiring, Aarne looked no more energetic than the rest of us in the Deacon's corner, but we were constantly chagrined at the fury with which our blond dynamo painted on gargantuan canvases with Geranium and Blossom Yellow, and the vast number of landscape sketches.



MARGARET HUTCHINSON

Our amiably freckled carrot top grew up before us but still took her cue to register coy indignation at our bantering. Charminglly saucy, her paintings, too, teased us, like a violinist tuning up.



PHILIP KREVORUCK

P. Craig O'Rourke, of the keen mind, determined lip, and McClelland Barclay forearm, scrubbed undertones on his canvas, sang tuneless improvisations on the "gas house" melodies, lashed our shortcomings with a quip, and soothed everything by laughing at himself.



EDWARD MALSBERG

Emerging from Poe-like phantasms, reconditioned by radio gag writers, our Roman-nosed Pagliacci arrived early to plant his shovel in every pile, sweep a few brush strokes over home-made canvas, and fight for justice. Ludicrous, vituperative, lovable,—Shadow was a legend in his own day.



HAROLD THRESHER

A pink and white Indian, the chief trekked down from Vermont summers, and from behind his dictatorial jaw he shot forth a steady barrage of naïve questions and comments. But Harold's Yankee tenacity commanded respect, because he was our Child of the Muses.



RICHARD TOBIN

At banker's hours and in sartorial splendor, the Mayor arrived. Doffing his coat too neatly for a D.P., Dick set about covering the sugary sparkle of his canvas with intermittent flashes of an infectious grin and Hibernian wit. And we always felt it was the morning after something or other.

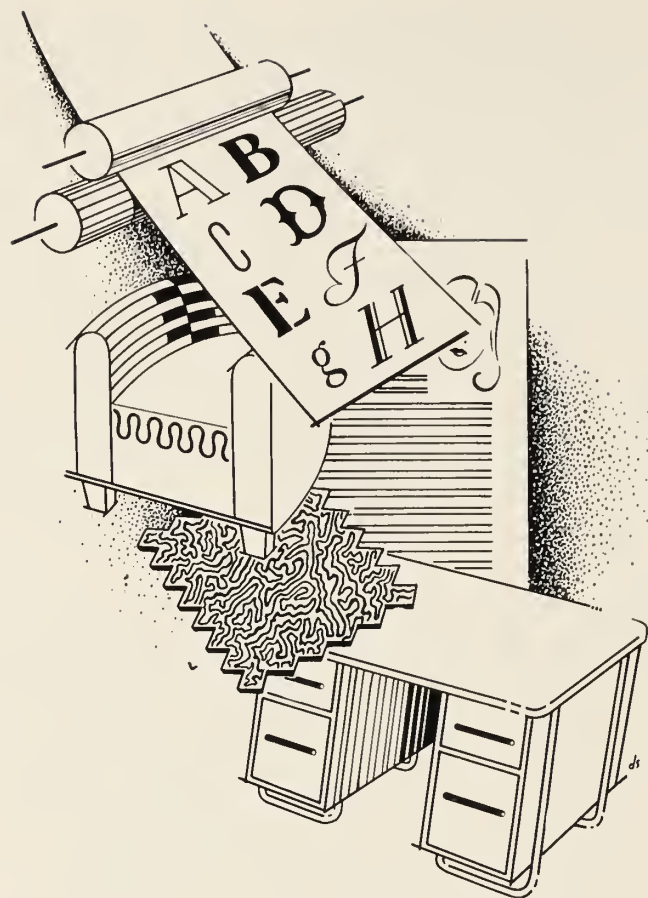


PETER BELITSOS

GENERAL DESIGN



·LEONARDO·CELLINI·GUTENBERG·MORRIS·GOUDY·TEAGUE·



GENERAL DESIGN

After four years we awaken suddenly to realize that our idyllic sojourn at school has practically ended, flown by like a bat in the night. Only yesterday we decided upon Design as our all-over pattern for Life; to test our 3B's on tissue visuals, to draw volumes like Maillol, to design the soap wrappers of tomorrow. We steeped our ambition in solutions of poster paint and India ink and drew off a froth of interiors, newspaper layouts, booklets, billboards, textiles, and compacts. There were the Tuesdays and Thursdays when we lugged in our kits of paraphernalia; and there were the Wednesdays when we shuttled

back and forth from our excursions into industry and exhausted precious stores of experiences in transit.

We divided ourselves into small cliques to share sandwiches during rest periods. But we were one in our appreciation of a striking design, in our impatience with pretense and verbosity, in our determination to succeed. Though we tried to be broad, we found our interests becoming more and more parochial, making ready for a place in a world of wild specialization. We were constantly analyzing, attempting to glean the kernel from the chaff; and often argued esthetics only to become more convinced of the truth of our convictions.

We strove to build parapets of dissected newspapers, magazines, and sample booklets, and then parched our brains in thinking of bright and stimulating ways of presenting the old ideas in refreshing form; we cultivated a reverence for fine drawing instruments, yet consistently used triangles to pry the thumbtacks from our drawing boards. We were constantly amused by the defensive attitude of the TT's, the frivolous yet persecuted mien of the Costume Designers, the wide-eyed, wide-mouthed wonder of the DP's, and the charivari of the modeling students and guests.

Now we explain at great length to any one who will hear us the intimate details of a Ben Day tint, or the mechanics of color separation; we measure picas with the ease of inches, and swarm around recent graduates like so many Indian beggars to confront them with the What's, Where's, and How Much's of professional life.

—DONALD SPITZER



ESTHER ANDERSON

Master of salient witticisms and tricky rhymes—"Ming a Sung of Sixpence"—offered intuitive suggestions for rendering, listened to our tales with an "O-o-oh" on her lips and obliged with an "It's a panic!" Andy, we felt, knew quality, because her preferences coincided with ours.



MILDRED ATKINS

With the defiance of a little Scottie dog, Millie splashed at her water colors or drew long charcoal figures to the tune of Schubert's Serenade. She listened to us from a desk-top, and looked especially woebegone on the days that Ginny or Marky were absent.



NEVART DOHANIAN

Nevvy, of the outward calm and innate good taste, our connoisseur of samples, and exponent of the "night before, in the simplest way" school of design, who appraised our work with an excited "Egad!" or a non-committal "M-m-m-m," followed by a querulous glance and subdued laughter.



MARY FRANKLIN

Efficient Mary with the clever ideas, the liquid smile, and imperturbable good nature. She mothered Franny, sistered Nevvy, served as confidante for all, confronted us with our shortcomings, reticently accepted praise, and related tales from "the House" with an exuberant "Sanzio!"



MILDRED LINDGREN

Millie, always in class at nine o'clock with her smock at half-mast, set a spirited pace for us with her precision. She demanded the infinitesimal details of our stories, and went into spasms of laughter at some cute remark. We admired her frankness and her enormous lunches.



BARBARA LUNT

We were surprised that in the course of four years someone hadn't placed a mat around Barby and submitted her as a happy solution to one of Tommy's color problems. She was like a well-trained rainbow, slipping in quietly after the 9 A.M. storm of arrivals had subsided.



MARGUERITE MAGUIRE

Browns in the winter, blues in the summer, and apples at rest period. No one was a more interested or sympathetic listener than Marguerite, none concurred more wholeheartedly in our judgments, none entered more readily into the spirit of fun or laughed more heartily at our puns.



MARY McCORMACK

Tall, obliging Mary of the gay eye, the imitations and accents, the sorority initiations, and the four sneezes in a row, spent four years amusing us with her spontaneous quips, and then walked off quietly, but happily, with the prize for the Attleboro competition.



PETER RETALIS

Cool-headed, tolerant, easy-going Pete practised the art of understatement by day, and reported for his hometown newspapers by night. He patterned a classical mosaic of cool pinks, light purples, and cursive lettering, and bonded it with controlled gaze-motion.



VIRGINIA RUFLE

Ginny, the unruffled Rufe, silent and erect like a marble Doric column. She masked a warm heart with a cool exterior. Through unmoving lips, she imparted her consuming interest in Interior Decoration, and the need for designing "Hosses What Art Hosses."



FRANCIS SHERMAN

Here was our business man, replete with the outside connections about which we whispered in hushed tones. His interests in art were primarily economic; he worried about the big issues of Life and left the trivialities to us.



JOANNE SPENCER

Joan of the trim ankle and whimsical costume jewelry, our favorite dual-personality, with the little girl look belieing her sophistication, and the tailored clothes contradicting her femininity. Class treasurer, she wore out an index finger tabulating receipts from the Prom.



DONALD SPITZER

Life-sized puppet working his own strings. Fate picked Don out of a nineteenth century drawing-room, endowed him with modern ideas, an inexhaustable supply of barber-shop songs, corrugated cardboard, paper samples, and burlap, then set him in our midst to be Class President.



BARBARA STARK

Bobby arrived breathless, smiling, and apologetic to give freely of her bountiful advice. She injected sage epigrams into our conversations and always formulated her answer in the proper words, long before we had posed the question.



CONSTANCE TOCHER

Conny, our tiny and fragile Dresden china figurine from the story-book land of the tinkling music box and everlasting sunshine, had a heart that sang and a ready hand that responded. Friend and mentor of the equally gracious Ruth, she produced "yummy" lettering and layouts.



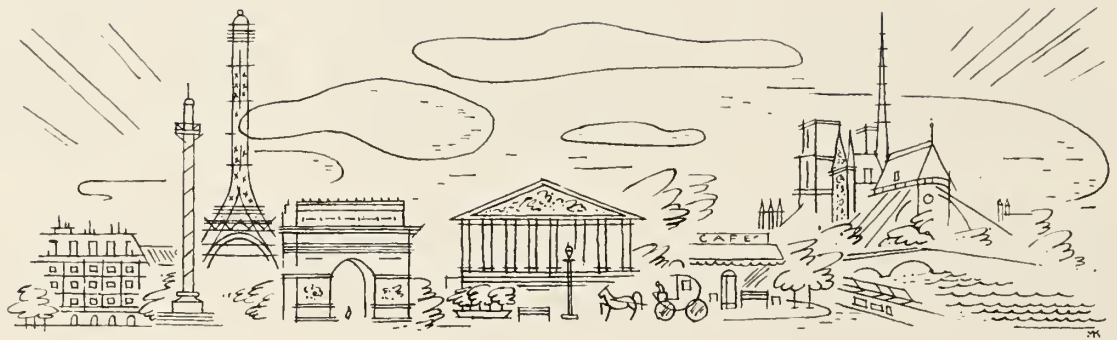
RUTH TORR

Here was the personification of our recurrent New Year's resolutions. She held the reins of Pegasus in her four-wheeled chariot, and rolled in from the wilds of Milton with a precious cargo of careful renderings, faultless layouts, armfuls of year-book material, and little Conny.



FRANCES VRACHOS

Franny of the many moods; aggressive, decisive, dynamic as an electric spark, she shocked us with statements which even she didn't believe. She voiced our objections, explained means of living on five dollars a week, haunted Cornhill, and went completely feminine at the Prom.



COSTUME DESIGN



SCHIAPARELLI · ADRIAN · DACHE · MOLYNEUX · BERARD · GRAFSTROM ·



RAYMOND ANDREWS

Greek masks and grapes. Shrimp chop suey, kumquats in brandy and *Esquire*. He designs for true ladies, finds high lights in back-stage dust, and fun in everything.



BARBARA BURDITT

A mean eye for drawing and a raised eyebrow for the latest Boyer movie. An infectious giggle over a chocolate frappé. A close-up shot of an Al Parker deb saying, "Simply priceless!" That's Babs.



SHIRLEY CHAMBERLAIN

Shirley can eat a gooey sundae with the poise of a duchess. Has a discriminating ear for good music, but a dog doesn't have to have a pedigree to win her affection. She will preside over her beige, white and mauve salon with all the charm of a perfect hostess.



EVA CITRIN

Amazing sensitivity to nice color; craftsmanship as sincere and intelligent as Eva herself. Peasant embroidery, suspender skirts, and whistling while she works. We admire her for herself.



ELLA COBURN

That hair! That flair! We like her on the model stand better than any one. Watch her patent a dress design "functional as a zipper" and doing it all from her own New Hampshire farm retreat. Will the original be blue-green, "Connie"?



FORTUNATA FALLABELLA

Naïveté. Knitting needles clicking to the tune of, "How shall I wear my hair?" Pagliacci. Fluttering efficiency. Dozens of children crowded around. Strictly pencil.



ELIZABETH GILL

Give Betty an inch and she'll take a mile jaunt to a polo game, or else she'll start dancing. Amateur theatricals and Balinese textiles and sports. Drawing like a veritable M.S. The door slams at 11.15 and there's Betty.



RITA GUAY

Opera and tennis and embroidery hoops at assembly. Rita goes Halliburton and spends a week at the Taj Mahal. Wouldn't look at a Ry-Krisp ad. For a little girl dress with a nipped-in waist, you'll know where to go; Rita endorses them.



KATHLEEN HART

Situations handled with her own whimsical, "'Ow ar' ya, guv'nah?" Doing a Frances Langford. Of course, grilled bologna on whole wheat, a black velvet beret, gardenias. Slick designs while burning midnight oil. Kay can't lose.



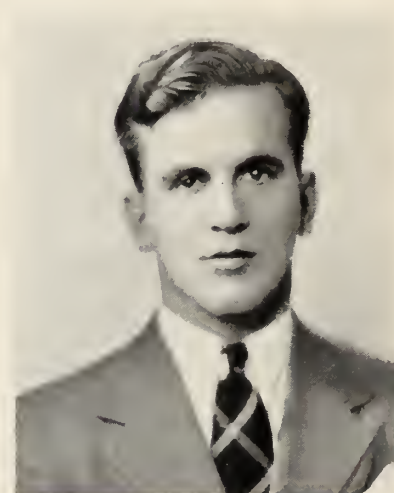
PRISCILLA HAWES

Pat never objects to seeing red, she loves it! Dirndls and Chanel's No. 5. A gypsy in disguise, she molds suede fantasies or designs decorations for wooden bowls, glassware and tiles, and sells them, too. Interiors intrigue her. We've never seen her idle.



WENONAH HOWELL

Dozens of projects all at once, brilliant colors and red fox scarfs. Energy plus and children's apparel. Psychology and hockey. Nony believes in Bittersweet.



PAUL LICHT

"Well, hi there!" Modern as glass cloth and just as flexible when within earshot of an orchestra. Dynamic enough to set the stage for a trip to Mars. Sonny would like to stage "Tonight at 8.30" with Jean playing Gertrude Lawrence to his Noel Coward!



ELLEN MACKAY

Scotch bagpipes in the background of something operatic. The wind and rain. Ellen hums our favorite classics or tells of a hockey game or passes the London Times along for our inspection. That quiet smile has cheered many a gray day.



ESTA MARKOWITZ

Marky goes her own sweet way with vivid turbans and white dresses in winter. Suggesting Palter de Liso shoes and Shanghai perfume and, oh yes, a bit of gossip from little ol' New York! Did someone suggest a pocket edition of H. Lamarr?



THELMA MITCHELL

Neutrality pact with the world, but if Maine were the only state, that would be all right with Thelma. Paradox. She will clothe our children in partnership with Wenonah. Gibson would have sketched her.



CHARLOTTE O'NEIL

Takes a high dive off a musical bar and comes up singing! "But, Miss Flint, do I have to take all of those bastings out?" Irish banter. A happy ear for a blonde baritone's singing (Charlotte wants a television set).



SYBIL SELZER

The latest joke spiked with a dash of Bob Hope. Tiny Junior Miss fashion drawings. Probably an orchid. Maybe a skunk muff. Certainly a train ticket in the offing.



KATHERINE TURLEY

Her paper doll presentation is new, her laugh spontaneous, her favorite color blue, and her hair red. She designs, illustrates, and teaches. A versatile young lady—Kay.



JEAN YOUNGS

Tall golden epitome of nonchalance with authority. High style illustrations and monologue melodramas. Tongue in cheek. Jeanie listens and draws while we tell of the latest escapade.

IN MEMORIAM



RUTH WOODWARD

She gave us the world in its happiest mood through her eyes—and then one day she went beyond our vision.

TEACHER TRAINING



ANN · DEWEY · HENRI · CIZEK · DOW · BAILEY · SARGENT · WHITFORD ·



TEACHER TRAINING

The desirability of any method of teaching depends upon its pertinence to the exact situation; therefore, method is controlled by the purpose of education in a given society, by the characteristics of those to be educated, and by the concrete and abstract results to be achieved through the study of a given subject.

The purpose of education is, in general, threefold: first, to transmit to the child the mental and spiritual heritages of humanity parallel to his potential physical qualities which he possesses at birth through the biological mechanics of heredity; secondly, to encourage, stimulate and foster the growth of that complex collection of elements which we call individuality or personality to its best and greatest powers; and thirdly, to evolve a group of people who are able to live economically,

morally, and emotionally in a society and derive pleasure from this existence.

The characteristics of the educated are as complex and numerous as are the individual pupils; indeed, an ideal system of education should base its formulation of curricula on a careful analysis of the needs of each. In mass education, however, the individual differences must necessarily be subordinated, and only those characteristics which are the common possession of all members of the group can be used as determining factors.

When the subject to be taught is Art, the results to be achieved are more abstract than concrete, to be measured, if at all, by the increase in a pupil's potentialities. The ability to create is the most important factor in human progress, whether the creation or innovation be scientific, artistic or sociological; therefore, the primary aim of art education is to facilitate this function. The development of esthetic feeling contributes to the personal enjoyment of visual beauty and establishes keener judgment of values in the prospective consumer; this, then, is secondary, but the more universally applicable aim of art education.

Educational methods in general, and those for art education in particular, are variable, shifting in accordance with the requirements of society. The true educator is aware of every basic and significant development and is constantly adjusting the pattern of subject-matter.

—SHOGER BAGHDOYAN



ELAINE ANASTOS

Elaine was the first to arrive each day and the last to leave. Sensitive and loyal, she displayed willing cooperation, generously giving us all she had of pencils and car-checks, of sympathy and understanding and eager assistance to all our problems.



NATHALIE ASHTON

The T.T.'s only co-ed,—fresh, sophisticated, self-assured,—Nat was alternately childlike and worldly. She filled her week-ends with sports and social functions, and if her audible whispers during examinations annoyed us, her smile was always sweet and disarming.



NICHOLAS BATTIT

Tall, dark, quixotic Nick earnestly attempted to combine D.P. and T.T. methods into a harmonious and effective scheme. A bold, profound critic, he bravely upholds Classicism in this modern world and is forever asking questions or bursting with quaint ideas.



MARY BRADLEY

As delighted by her blasé and candid expressions as by her spontaneous laughter, we are continually amazed by Mary's fluency, her ability to talk convincingly on every subject. Her confidence and keen analytic perception made her a dominant figure in the class.



ELEANOR BRYSON

Her radiant personality was reflected in her pert humor, while her irresponsible, happy-go-lucky attitude conceals her ambitious spirit. Extensive travel has given her a cultural background. Brysie and Mokie will be remembered as the Gold-Dust Twins.



MILDRED DAMON

Shades of rose and turquoise blue and a delicious sense of humor characterize Brenda,—or is it Cobina? Dainty, soft-spoken and incredibly slim, our green-eyed Millie wandered in and out of class with Evvie, serenely indifferent to life and resigned to fate.



FRANCES GRIFFIN

Her nose would wrinkle up in a good-natured grin at our fearful gasps as she drove us recklessly around corners on two wheels. Athletic, capable, and an efficient leader of social and civic organizations, Franny found much adventure on her coast-to-coast trips.



BARBARA HARRIS

We are sorry not to have known Barbara better, but she was always so busy with her notes and her knitting, we hesitated to interrupt her thoughtful tranquillity. Yet she was always eager and friendly and keenly interested in Bourne and the Cape.



MAREE HARKINS

Each morning marked her breathless arrival with Bunny, hustling into Psychology just in time for class. Divinely tall, sociable, and neat, Harky's dignity was blended with a flair for brief but lively renditions of popular ditties and dance steps.



DONALD KIRKLAND

Fascinated by his maturity, our golden-haired A-Don-is gleefully used his impressive, hard-earned vocabulary to overwhelm and fluster us. Shrewd, dogmatic, yet smooth and very charming, he loves the spice of life and deftly redapples his way along.



WALTER LUNSMAN

Easy, affable Walla of the big, black Buick, and the sudden, explosive laughter, suave and debonair in his handsome tweeds. A smooth dancer and truly talented, he divided his time between school, blondes, and business and enjoys an active, social life.



WINIFRED MURPHY

A linguist and master craftsman, Winnie possessed poise, refinement and culture from her years of study abroad. Her ability extends in all directions. She is particularly adept at costume design and prefers to make ultra-smart hats above everything else.



CHRISTINE NECHAJ

Crum's individuality was revealed by her tenacity to cling to her own ideas. Poised, reticent, reluctant to display emotion, her quiet composure hides her subtle humor, but quick flashes of enthusiasm are revealed in the sudden warmth of her smile.



EVELYN NICOLL

Always well-groomed and smartly dressed, her chic appearance created a murmur of admiration,—and envy. Pretty and popular and a grand sport, Evvie went her unhurried way, brushing aside her overdue work with a blissful laugh and a casual wave of her hand.



MARJORIE O'KEEFE

A wistful, lovely figure with a sophisticated manner, Mokie delighted us with her gay, flippant humor and her crisp tales of the Canadian way of living. We admired her graceful walk, her cleverness, and her personality which reflected the depth of still waters.



PHYLLIS PRESTON

We never knew Phyl to waste one second of her time. Blonde and slender,—a perfect student,—she commuted from Beverly each morning, produced puppet shows, passed in her work days before it was due, and got the highest marks,—even to an "A" in metalcrafts.



FLORENCE ROGERS

Clever and original as her own illustrations, her modest, diffident manner conceals her skill and ability. Invariably good-natured, diminutive Bunny expertly handles her shiny, new Oldsmobile; she usually lunched at "Johnson's,"—and taught us to say the impious words.



EARLE ROWE

We never called him "Red" because he was never hot-headed, was always agreeable and polite and very much in earnest. He served in the school store, the J.E.A., and capably solved his own problems,—and also hinted broadly about his gay night life.



MARJORIE TURNER

Far wiser and more experienced than most of us, alert, impetuous Marge from Maine filled her life with varied interests and excitement. Excelling in crafts, she aimed high and with one step has effortlessly achieved her first goal. Good luck, Marge, and success in your work.



WALTER VALENTAS

The class artist and dreamer forever, he always knew the moment to break the monotony with a clever spark of naïve and candid humor. Simple and informal in manner and dress, he showed skill in football or in creating beautiful designs for metal-crafts.



FREDERICK WELSMAN

In the quiet hush of early morning, Fred went duck hunting, tramping through woods and marshes. His love for the great out-of-doors corresponds to his love for skiing and sports. A painter of talent, chauffeur, and stagehand,—yet a trip to New York was too much for him.

HELEN BELECKIS

Nonchalant aloofness combined with a natural naïveté and earthiness denotes Miss B.'s cleverly planned design for living. Preferring solitude to society, she possessed an enviable sense of design and showed great ability as an organizer and critic.

BAGHDOYAN, SHOGHER A.
Graduated Drawing & Painting,
1939

BOWLEY, RAYMOND F.
Graduated Costume Design 1921

CEFALO, MERRIANNE
Graduated Costume Design, 1938

COLMAN, BARBARA
Graduated Drawing & Painting,
1933

GUSTAFSON, EDITH
Graduated Teacher Training, 1922

MAJOR, VIRGINIA E.
Graduated Drawing & Painting,
1938

PISCOPO, NINA A.
Graduated Costume Design, 1939

ROMANO, MIRIAM
Transferred from Chicago Art In-
stitute

ROSS, HARRIET D.
Graduated Drawing & Painting,
1939

TOOMBS, ADELAIDE A.
Graduated Modeling & Sculpture,
1936

MODELING



MICHELANGELO · ST. GAUDENS · DONATELLO · RODIN · PHIDIAS · BARYE ·



MODELING

This year, as usual, the modeling rooms were full of activity, varied and always interesting. Many portraits were executed, including that of Mr. George Coleman of Ford Hall fame. Much time was naturally devoted to modeling from life, designing and animal sculpture. Numerous finished clay pieces were put into pottery and glazed, resulting in some charming colorful works.

Not the least of our joys was the news that Mr. Dallin's Paul Revere was definitely accepted by the City of Boston. Casting in bronze of the great equestrian is already in process at the nearby foundry and the granite pedestal is now being cut and polished. Watching such a development causes a realization of the practical side of sculpture too often overlooked.

As students we came here to study art because it was foremost in our minds. We have learned by doing and improved with practice. We are not masters, of course, but we are four years better than we were, and there are years to come.

—ROBERT WILD



ROBERT WILD

Erupting suddenly from a tomb-like silence, "Bob" would emerge in clouds of clay dust from the catacombs to whip through the air on reverberations of Martian thunder. Though he hacked at fragments, his was the art of sensitively refined heads and ingenious pedestals.

IRREGULAR STUDENTS



MARY CAROLINE JENKS

Social arbiter, horsewoman, most regular of irregulars, "M.C." emerged from her beach wagon at the beginning of our Junior year with a degree under her arm and a chameleon on her lapel, to become an integral part of the Design Department.



ELMER MATOLA

Lacking the reserve of his Scandinavian ancestors, Elmer was the other reason for the downstairs turmoil. Grimacing weirdly, he never missed the opportunity to throw a body-check accented with a friendly poke from the cane he acquired as the anticlimax to his winter's skiing.

STUDENT WORK



RAPHAEL·TITIAN·REMBRANDT·LEONARDO·VELASQUEZ·HALS·



HAROLD THRESHER



PERCY VAN DYKE

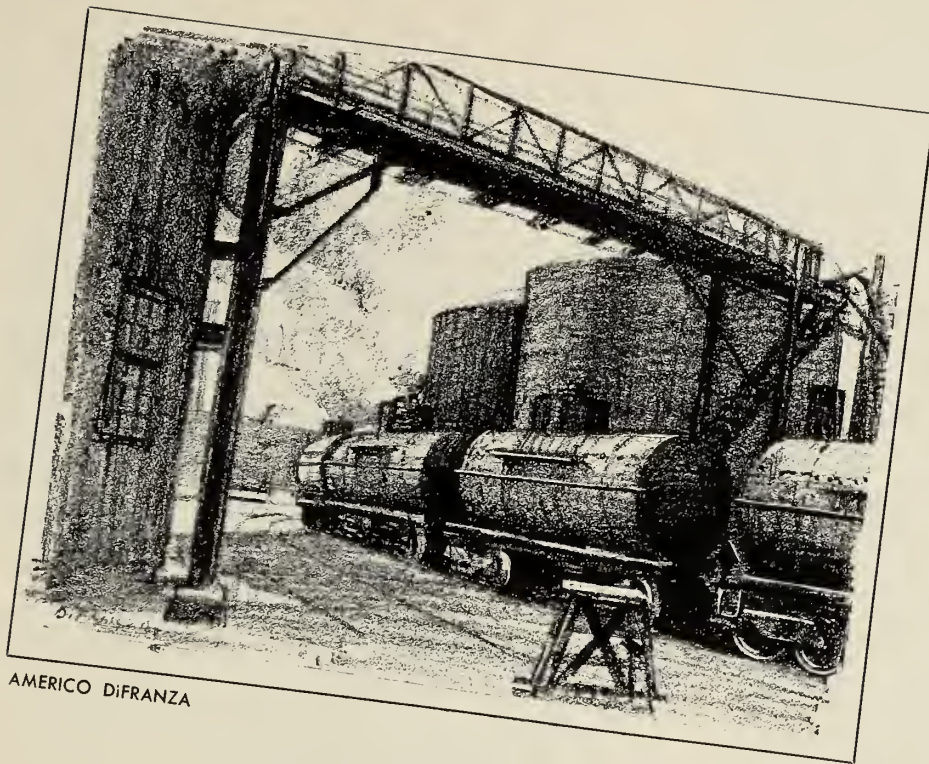


JAMES McDOWELL

DRAWING



FLORENCE WHITMORE

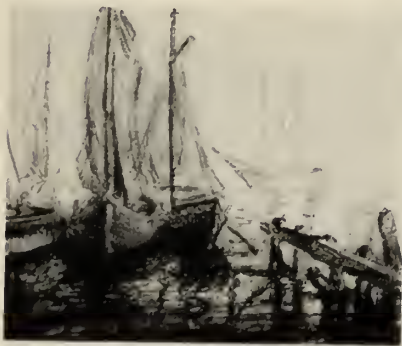


AMERICO DiFRANZA



PETER BELITSOS

AND PAINTING



VINCENT PORTA



LOUISE SHATTUCK



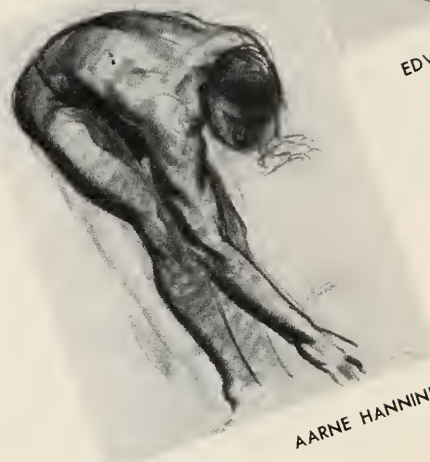
MURIEL BERNIER



AMERICO DIFRANZA



EDWARD MALSBERG



AARNE HANNINEN



AARNE HANNINEN



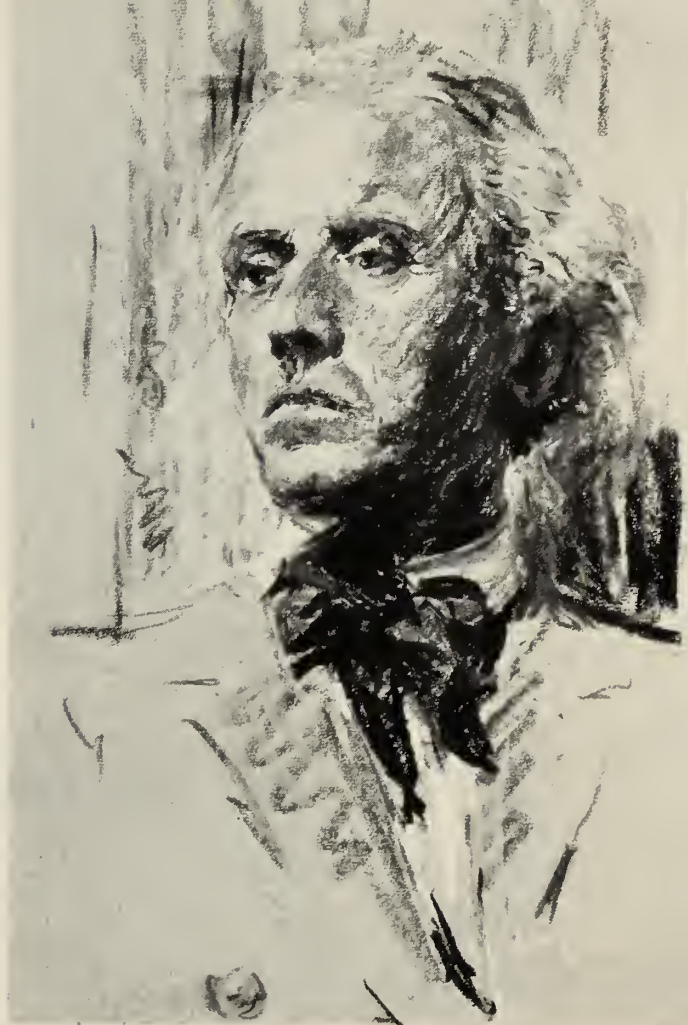
LOUISE SHATTUCK



VIRGINIA HOWE



VIRGINIA HOWE



RICHARD CHASE



CALVIN BURNETT



LOUISE SHATTUCK



NEVART DOHANIAN



GENERAL

PETER RETALIS



PROPOSED DESIGN
FOR FILINE'S ROOF



EDWARD FLATLEY



RUTH TORR

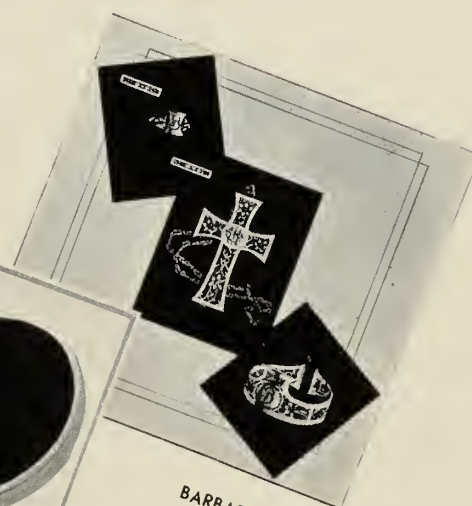
DESIGN



EDWARD FLATLEY



MILDRED LINDGREN



BARBARA STARK

FRANCES VRACHOS





NORMAN PALMSTROM



CONSTANCE TOCHER

DONALD SPITZER

MILDRED LINDGREN

MARY FRANKLIN

RUTH TORR





FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH



RICHARD RILEY



NEVART DOHANIAN

MILDRED LINDGREN

WM. ROBERT CANDY



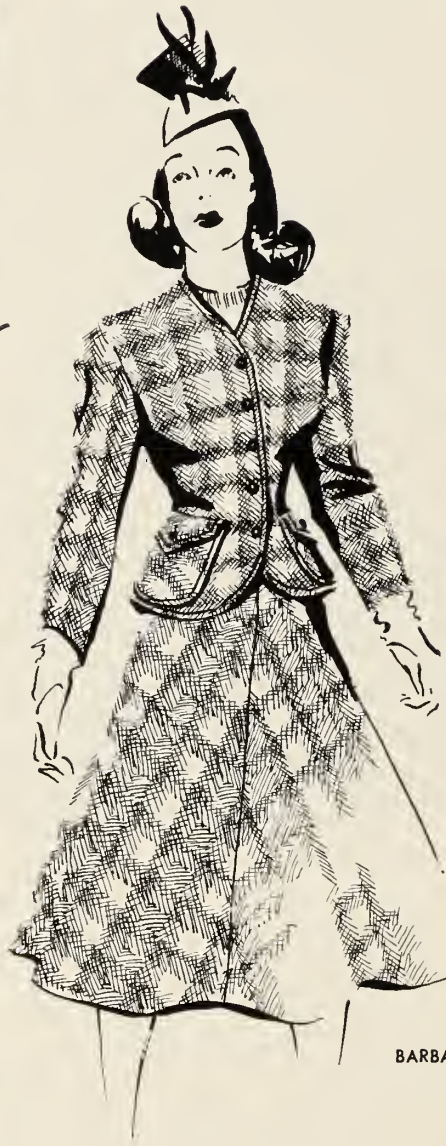
ERNEST MANDEVILLE



COSTUME



BARBARA BURDITT



BARBARA BURDITT



SYBIL SELZER

DESIGN



BARBARA BURDITT



JEAN YOUNGS



ELLEN MCKAY



JEAN YOUNGS

ELLEN MCKAY



BARBARA BURDITT

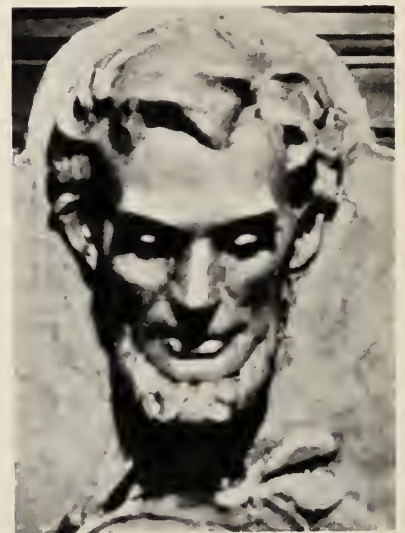


WALTER LUNSMAN

TEACHER

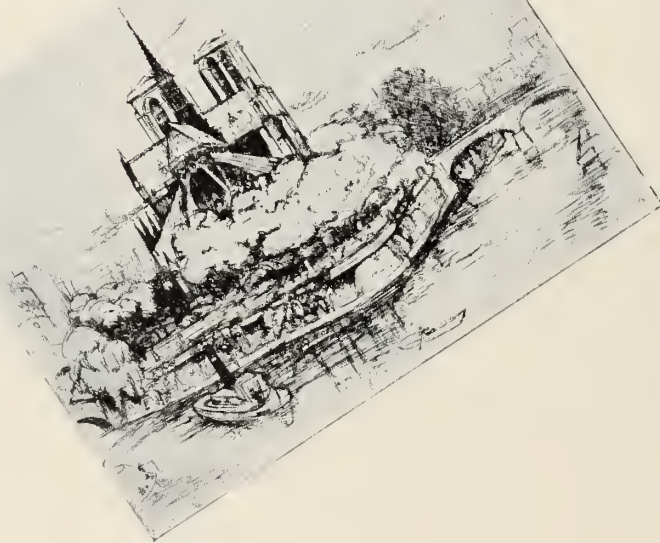


HARRIET ROSS



WALTER VALENTAS

HARRIET ROSS



DONALD KIRKLAND



TRAINING



WALTER LUNSMAN
PHYLLIS PRESTON
BARBARA HARRIS
RUTH SEABURG



NICHOLAS BATTIT



MODELING



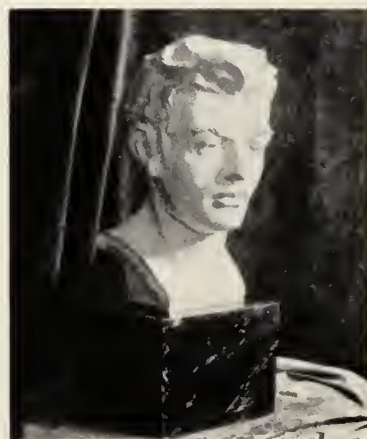
ALF BRACONIER



ROBERT WILD



ROBERT WILD



ELMER MATOLA

AND SO, IN WORDS



HOMER · DANTE · SHAKESPEARE · KEATS · BLAKE · EMERSON ·

more like a Hindu than a Chinese. Pu-ju's fame has not yet attained its peak; he is too young; the climax will come when he is sixty and mature enough to accept fame.

The prince rose slowly, bowed with cold ceremony, and greeted me with formal words of welcome. In my nervousness, I moved too abruptly for Chinese good taste. But I knew I was forgiven; being of white race, my bad manners were taken for granted.

The lessons really were demonstrations by Pu-ju. I did all my work at home, and at the lessons all I had to do was to watch him draw. When he saw that my interest in Chinese art was genuine, Pu-ju became kindlier. He drew with wonderful precision and rapidity, entirely from imagination. The result was exquisite landscapes with crooked pines and spongy rocks.

Chinese art is based on conventions. It has a very limited scale of colors, and the use of these colors is restricted for certain objects. But there is much of the element of suggestion in it, for Chinese artists find it more stimulating to leave a story unfinished, allowing room for the imagination to play. The charm for the painter lies in the fact that, apart from technique, there are practically no restrictions. Anything becomes possible in those strange landscapes. Although the art may seem fantastic and unreal, it is so well adapted to Chinese nature that any one who has been in China must see that no better way of depicting their life and landscape could ever be devised.

THE ARTIST'S DREAM: AN EXPERIMENT IN FANTASY

by DOROTHY ISAACS, '41

The clear, dark night whispered to me through the window as the street lamps glowed softly and a street car, crackling with electricity and showering bright sparks into the air, reared awkwardly to a stop at the next block. Low voices murmured beneath my window and then hummed by leaving the night silent again. Then a queer, mystic feeling swept over my brain, the room faded behind me, and before my very eyes the windowpane became fired with a witches' brew. Flames and wreaths of singing colors gamboled about, then cleared, leaving a strange scene pictured there.

A tall man with chisel and mallet was surveying a huge block of virgin granite. As he plied his tools, the hard rock flowed away from his hands as if by magic. The sharp outline melted into a form which became a living woman who stepped forth and admired herself. The sculptor, too, was pleased. He clasped her hand in his, and with a gay look backward they ran off the scene together. Gradually the unkempt stone disappeared into the earth whence it came.

The glass was a gray dull hue; then invisible hands stretched a piece of pure white canvas across it. A man laden with tubes and brushes appeared and with quick, deft strokes prepared on his palette vivid colors that gleamed like jewels in the dark. Dipping a big, flat brush into the paint, he caressed the whole top sweep of the canvas with the bright, clear blue of the sky. Another masterful stroke created clouds that billowed

and curved, a landscape of hills and meadows, cities and towns, that sang with the joy of life. Then as suddenly as he began, the painter wended his way up the road he had just painted and disappeared over the brow of the hill, leaving the glass black again.

Now a strange rustling emanated from the windowpane; there I beheld the blank pages of an enormous book turn slowly. A man was bent over a lamplit desk, writing powerful, vital words that fairly sprang up to the book. As the pages, matted now with words that were beauty and life, turned, the author raised his eyes, renewing his strength with joy. With loving care he grasped the book and stepped out of the glass into an unknown void.

Seconds took their silent toll while the windowpane shone with pale rainbow tints. From afar came a sweet, high note haunting the air, joined by myriad echoing voices. Notes and staffs danced upon the pane, in tune to a fantastic song that was, in turn, a bright jingle, a low ballad, a slow waltz, a deep symphony. A human voice rang forth on a note clear and true. Stories of heart break, of happiness, of love, were spun as many instruments wooed my ear. The music reached heights untold, then grew more gentle and soft as the picture on the window faded into sweet oblivion.

Dreams whirled about my head; eons passed and light-years flew by while I gathered all the wisdom of the world to my

heart. I had reached the heights, the peak of creative life, and could go no further. I seemed to drift, to float, slowly, peacefully down, back to Mother Earth.

When I opened my eyes, I was still at my room window; there surged within my breast a wonderful feeling of kinship with all who had interpreted creatively the happiness and pain of Life they had known. I, too, had tasted the nectar of beauty and truth. As I looked about the familiar face of my room, my little watercolors on the wall gleamed with a quiet charm not noticed before, while the tiny Chinese Buddha and graceful plaster figurines seemed alive and real. The bookcase held more than just books, volumes of verse, stories, literature, and art; it guarded cherished friends, books to be read again and again. I had this and more, all this was enough to live for, to dream for, to reach for. As I thought, wrapt in a cloistered world of my very own, I heard sweet sound creep into my being as someone in the next room played the Moonlight Sonata on the piano, softly, softly.

TURRETS

Around me melts the cool shade of the glen,
And I forget the rushing tide of men
And build tall gleaming turrets once again.

I let them flutter high among the trees,
And shining birds that float along with ease
Go pecking at my castles as they please.

—MARIAN SOSZYNSKA

ART ?

A most involved discussion may result from the question, What is sound? Physics tells us that an atmospheric disturbance sets waves into motion which radiate outward until they strike a responsive surface and thereby induce a sympathetic vibration. These vibrations, registering upon a related nerve, convey the impression of sound. But suppose this disturbance were to happen in a remote place where there were no receptors to record the vibrations, where it would pass absolutely unnoticed. Suppose it happened in a region where there was no atmosphere to conduct the waves to the receptors. If the sound was not heard, could it be said there was no noise? If we are incapable of detecting the sound, are we justified in saying it does not exist? Might there not be all sorts of sounds, pleasing and otherwise, existing about us which our limited sensory equipment does not register? Merely because we are not sensitive to these sounds is no reason to deny their existence.

From many aspects, works of art may be likened unto such noises or sound. An art may readily exist and yet be undetected; it may find no sensory equipment capable of appreciating it. But merely because we are not sensitive to its existence, because we cannot see or feel it, are we justified in saying it does not exist? Even as the phenomenon of sound involves two factors,—the disturbance and the receptors to detect that disturbance,—so, too, art requires not only the stimulus, but also that this stimulus actuate visual and tactual receptors. There can be no

art without reaction, the same as there would be no music without listeners. But at the same time, even if we do not react to the stimulus, can we safely say that there is no art,—could it be that our perceptive powers are inadequate? We might carry this thought still further and ask what is art,—the reaction of the individual or the original stimulus? What is sound,—the noise that is made or the fact that some one hears or reacts to it?

Throughout the history of man there have been many art-sounds. They have been amplified and reamplified until everyone has heard them. The Egyptian architecture, Greek sculpture, Christian mosaics, Renaissance painting, Old Master pieces, the French, the Flemish, the Dutch, et al. These sounds, sometimes soft, sometimes sweet, sometimes blatant and raucous, have been heard. But what of those sound waves which have not fallen upon sensitive receptors,—are we to deny their existence? Are we too much attuned to the art of the past to recognize other than these works?

When man was primitive, there was no need to justify art; in fact, there were no artists as such. Each individual did his own creating, decorated his own utensils and appurtenances in a manner that was to him most significant. Later on, as life became more complex, specialists were evolved who attended to this business of providing esthetic experiences. But always they were limited to the understanding, and the ability to perceive, of

the group they worked for. Some of their work we are able to understand in terms of our perception and hence we say we like it. Because we cannot place ourselves in the position of those for whom this art was done, and perceive it through their eyes, are we justified in saying it does not exist or that it is not art?

Art, we are beginning to realize, is a rather undefinable quality which depends to a great extent upon time and clime. What has been considered great art in bygone eras in many cases is not understood or appreciated today. What we consider to be art today may be museum pieces tomorrow. We have no more right to consider the work of Myron to be the acme of artistic achievement than we have to scorn the crude idols of the primitive. Each served a function in their time; each was a sound to be heard by those intended to hear. Each was the result of a workman sincerely doing his job in the conventional manner.

When man evolved the machine, art became something apart, something enhanced by the inability of the machine to create it. The very fact that a work of art was difficult to produce, that it was a limited element inaccessible to the average person, made it valuable and desirable. Whereas in former society the artist was merely another worker doing his job the same as everyone else, he now became a person apart from the group. Instead of working for the people in general, he worked for those who could understand and appreciate, for those who placed a premium on craftsmanship and creativeness. But

merely because we hear only these sounds, are we to deny the existence of other arts?

Instead of bringing an enriched existence to the average man, the arts were now denied him and the machine substituted. The machine at first dominated man, increased the chasm between the individual and the arts. For centuries the arts continued on a different plane, ignoring the needs of the masses, making sounds that were to be heard many generations later but quite unnoticed by the masses at the time. The machine and man continued their silent struggle, accelerating society, disrupting conventions, reestablishing conditions, lowering the level of living, causing economic stress, shortening the span of existence. All during this period art went on in its own ephemeral orbit, ignoring the plight of the populace, neglecting its responsibility for the esthetic enrichment of the group. Instead of reflecting the turbulent times, the struggle of the race, it degenerated to picture painting, wall decoration; instead of helping man in his battle, it withdrew to the security of the salon and the galleries.

Soon was to begin the greatest sound of all, the sound that began as a murmur of protest and ended in a crescendo of triumph. Man had conquered the machine, man was again free from the imposed rhythm of industry, he was raised from the depths of the mine and released from the walls of the factory. Because this great sound was not heard, because the art of in-

dustury has not been recognized by insensitive receptors, are we justified in saying it does not exist?

Today, because of the accomplishments of the machine, we have scientific receptors far more acute than our ears and eyes, thereby opening new horizons, broadening perception, increasing opportunities. We also have an art which appeals to more than the senses, which is conceived to actuate the mind and liberate the imagination. Merely because we cannot yet appreciate this new impression, cannot yet be receptive, can we say it does not exist?

—DONALD KIRKLAND

STARS

The stars are angels peeping through
The shades of night; they like to view
The quiet site, the earth's vague blue.

—MARIAN SOSZYNSKA

REFLECTIONS

IN RETROSPECT The universal practice of recalling the good old days seems especially rampant here. Already the story of how Mr. Gavin tripped over the skeleton and apologized is being received with the same reverence for tradition as the stories of Mr. Andrew's flippancy handling of the human remains. So many stories of the old building have been handed down to us that we did a little research to find out how "good" those "old days" really were. Some of the facts we unearthed were that the boys and girls were not allowed to dance together; there were no models in mixed classes; and the students were tabulated with numbers on a clock-punching arrangement. In those "good old days," Mr. Palmstrom was known as 3924, Mr. Philbrick as 3469, Mr. O'Donnell as 4407, and Miss Phillips as 2679.

PUBLICITY We have been told that the school is not allowed any direct advertising, but it certainly receives plenty through the Boston Elevated. Many commuters find the school's name on the large portfolios that confront them every morning. One student, not finding room on a crowded car for all his paraphernalia, left the end of his portfolio projecting through the doors, and thus increased the advertising public by a few dozen drivers of automobiles. On several lines of the Boston El, the patrons are as familiar with the name of the school as they are with cough remedies and incidental intelligence such as the fact that the humming bird is the only bird that can fly backwards.

The quizz program was not only one of the most novel assemblies of the year, but also the most enlightening as to the respective intelligence of the various classes. A private quizz we conducted seems to have confirmed the results:

QUIZZ

FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
A palette is something you squeeze paint on.	Something you taste with.	A small pal.	A male chicken.
A puppet is a mechanical doll.	Pinocchio.	A "T.T." craft problem.	A little dog.
A lunch is food brought to eat at noon.	A lunch is food brought to eat at noon.	A lunch is food brought to eat.	A lunch is food brought by underclassmen.
A girl is expensive.	A girl is expensive.	A girl is expensive.	A girl is expensive.
Van Gogh was a painter who used bright color.	Van Gogh was mad.	Van Gogh is hard to pronounce.	Van Gogh.

This sounds like Beacon Hill leg-pulling, but we heard it ourselves. It was at an exhibit with more modern tendencies than we usually associate with Boston. Two doughty dowagers were parading from one abstraction to another, and my eavesdropping for salient comments availed me of no more fruitful results than a few dignified grunts. Finally, they came to a full stop before a painting that revealed itself, without too much trouble, as a forest scene. The lady whose pince-nez seemed perched more precariously turned to her companion and muttered, "Hopelessly photographic."

AT THE GALLERIES

SOCIAL DOCUMENT

In this age of social significance no records of our school days would be complete without some mention of the NYA workers. And perhaps no more poignant sight was ever seen around the School than that of the lesser members of the janitorial staff, clad in the old clothes they wear when working during vacations, gathered in the costume design room, reading the names on the stuffed forms and judging Mass. Art's glamour girls by proxy.

GRADUATION

We have been discussing some of the more hallowed experiences of our school career with a certain degree of iconoclasm, so we might as well complete the list by including a few words about graduation. Just how we will feel at our own is impossible to ascertain, but last year we were less impressed by the ceremony than the sight of our Senior friends leaving rehearsals in their caps and gowns to return to the studios. Watching them wield their brushes and smear etching ink with the same old abandon, apparently free from the somber reflections caps and gowns are usually associated with, we could not help but feel that an artist's work will always mean more to him than conventions. Of course, all that conscientiousness and devotion to work may have been due to the last-minute rush to get the theses in on time.

FACULTY



MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART



GORDON L. REYNOLDS, PRESIDENT —

Mr. Reynolds is a graduate of the Drawing and Painting Department of the Massachusetts School of Art, from which he later received his degree of B.S.Ed. He has done graduate work at Columbia and Boston Universities and the University of Montana. He was awarded the Carnegie Scholarship to do graduate work at Harvard.

Mr. Reynolds taught in Stamford, Connecticut, prior to his appointment at Bridgewater State Teachers College, where he was instructor in Fine Arts and Methodology of Art Education and Supervisor of Art for the Training School.

Mary Edna Murray is a graduate of Radcliffe College and Harvard University with the degrees A.B., A.M., and Ed.M.

Her activities in the field of education include many years of service as Dean of the Cambridge High and Latin School, ten years as a reader of the College Entrance Examinations in New York, and membership on the Board of Examiners of candidates seeking teaching positions or advancement in the Cambridge schools, and on the Advisory Board, State Department of Education.

MARY EDNA MURRAY—DEAN





FRANK L. ALLEN

Native of Maine. Studied with Tarbell, Major, Ross. Watercolors in collections here and abroad. Directs Boothbay Studios Summer School of Art.



DR. JAMES MACE ADDRESS

Of Michigan. Degrees of B.Pd. and A.B. from Michigan State Normal, Ph.M. from University of Chicago, A.M. from Harvard, Ph.D. from Clark University. Author of merit.



ZELLA BUCKINGHAM

From Minnesota. B.A. degree from Pacific University, Oregon. Attended Oregon Normal, University of Washington and Massachusetts School of Art. Taught in Western schools.



THERON I. CAIN

Graduate M.N.A.S. 1916. Studied psychology, Harvard. Landscape architect, free-lance illustrator, Falmouth art supervisor. Began teaching at Massachusetts Art 1921.



ARTHUR CORSINI

M.S.A. graduate, Drawing and Painting Department. Degree B.S.Ed. Attended Horvord under Carnegie Scholarship. Watercolor main interest.



CYRUS DALLIN

Born in Springville, Utah. Attended Ecole des Beaux Arts and Académie Julien. Received many awards and honors. His "Paul Revere" soon to be erected in Boston.



CHARLES A. DUNN, JR.

Of Providence. Attended Rhode Island School of Design and New School of Design, formerly Bauhaus, Chicago. Teacher here and at Rhode Island School of Design.



MARTHA FLINT

Studied art in Cincinnati, costume design in New York. In clothing industry five years. While doing free-lance designing was appointed to Massachusetts School of Art.



GEORGE F. FITZGIBBON

Degrees of A.B. from Boston University, M.A. and Ph.D. from Harvard. Teaches at Massachusetts School of Art, Portia Law, Boston College, Regis, and University Extension.



PATRICK GAVIN

Native of Boston. Attended Museum of Fine Arts School. Awarded Paige Travelling Scholarship, Fellowship at Tiffany Foundation. Taught at the Museum School.



WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON

Graduate M.N.A.S. 1883. Beaux Arts, three years. International Gold Medal, first Jordan Prize among awards. Taught Rhode Island School of Design, M.N.A.S. 1892.



EDWIN A. HOADLEY

M.N.A.S. 1916. Numerous exhibits, publications. Extensive travel. Taught Lynn Classical, Lowell State College, University Extension, M.S.A. 1925.



ALBERT STEARNS KENDALL

Degree of A.B. from Harvard. Attended M.I.T. Designed several Boston hospitals. Member of American Institute of Architects and Boston Society of Architects.



PHYLLIS KENDRICK

Attended Swain School of Design and M.S.A. Spent three years in the display and advertising field. Teacher at fashion illustration at M.S.A.



EMMA PORTER LENNON

Rhode Island School of Design. B.S.Ed. at Boston University. Art supervisor Bridgewater, Brockton, Newton, Fitchburg Teachers College. Art Chairman Massachusetts Teachers Federation.



ERNEST L. MAJOR

Born Washington, D. C. Studied at Art Students League, New York. Scholarship to Académie Julien, Paris. Exhibited at Paris Salon, World's Exposition and throughout United States.



ELIZABETH P. McDERMOTT

B.S.Ed. and A.M. from Worcester Teachers College and Boston University. Graduate courses at Boston College and Harvard. Member National Council of Teachers of English.



LEO O'DONNELL

Graduate Massachusetts Normal Art School, class of 1921. Began teaching there upon graduation and has done illustration for magazines and books.



NORA O'LEARY

Native of Sharon. Recent M.S.A. graduate. Became teacher here immediately upon graduation. Designs custom-made clothes. A golf champion.



ELLA MUNSTERBERG

Born in Germany. Attended Radcliffe and Museum School. Abroad eighteen times. Accomplished lecturer. Teaches at Adult Education Centre. President State House Women's Club.



PHILIP O. PALMSTROM

Graduate Massachusetts Normal Art School, 1916. Served two years with 26th Div., A.E.F. Advertising designer and book illustrator. Teaching added to other work in 1934.



OTIS PHILBRICK

Native of Boston. A graduate of M.N.A.S. Taught drawing at Rindge Technical High School. A member of Boston Society of Water Colorists. Work seen in many galleries.



LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS

M.S.A. graduate. B.S. and M.A. from Columbia. Experienced in occupational therapy. Taught at Fitchburg Normal, Simmons and University Extension groups.



RAYMOND PORTER

Born in Hermon, N.Y. Studied art at Colorado College and Chicago Art Institute. Fine pieces of sculpture in many cities. Teacher at M.S.A. since 1915.



FRED J. THOMPSON

Attended Pratt Institute, 1910-'11 and '20-'21. Marine camouflage, free-lance commercial artist, professional jewelry and silversmith. Taught Swain School Design, M.S.A. 1929.



EFFIE B. WHITTET

Of Boston. Studied at Hickox Secretarial School, Boston University, Harvard, M.S.A., University Extension. Library training at Simmons. Started M.S.A. library.



AMY RACHEL WHITTIER

Foremost exponent of teaching methods. Graduate of Harvard, Boston and Chicago Universities, M.S.A. and Cowles Art School.



ISABELLA T. DAMRELL

School Secretary. Business College graduate; courses at Harvard, Boston University, State University Extension Division. Formerly instructor at M.S.A.



RUTH M. McELROY

Graduate of West Roxbury High and Burdett Business College. Became Secretary to the Dean in 1938.



MARGARET C. WOLAHAN

Graduate of Salem Commercial College. Bookkeeper for two years with Salem State Teachers College. Bookkeeper at M.S.A. since 1930.

IN MEMORIAM



LAURIN MARTIN

A master craftsman and sympathetic teacher, Mr. Martin lent a helping hand to struggling crafts students for forty years. His many friends will always remember his amusing chuckle and cheerful personality.

CLUBS AND ACTIVITIES



MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Fifty-two years ago a small but far-sighted group of students first conceived the importance of an alumni association. Their idea grew and firmly established itself as a beacon of faith and friendship to the graduates. It generously provides social and professional contacts for its members, with occasional opportunities for the display of their work; it effectively sponsors lectures and discussions by prominent leaders in the wide variety of artistic fields.

The organization transacts its official business in their new office, located high in the building, near the North Gallery.

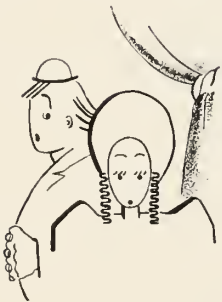


GLEE CLUB

Deriving a profound pleasure from singing, the Glee Club assembles once a week to lull their senses and obliterate their cares.

Serving in a material capacity, the group annually enriches the most colorful of school functions,—the Christmas Pageant,—by providing the musical backgrounds.

The entire student body is welcome to the emotional and spiritual release of singing.



MASCART THEATRE

The influx of new blood into the school has effected the rebirth of the moribund Mascart Theatre. A legitimate outlet for excess enthusiasm, Mascart has attracted a goodly number of hopeful Thespians.

The first production, the "Mad Breakfast," not only provided us with entertainment, but brought to light latent talent in some hitherto unrecognized students.

The growth and development of the Mascart Theatre will do much to increase interest and enliven school activities.



CRAFTS CLUB

How often we have been surprised to see sheep, angels and camels march forth from the weaving room where the Crafts Club holds its bimonthly meetings! According to Miss Phillips, all that is necessary to set these animals in motion are scissors, paper and some imagination.

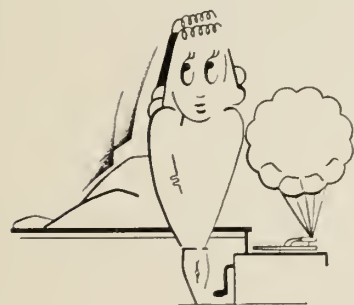
Besides the fun of testing our ingenuity, we always have something to show at the end of each exhilarating meeting.



SKETCH CLUB

We thrill to the pictorial symphonies of nature that sing to our inner beings and touch off chords resounding in harmony. We enjoy the outdoors and find in sketching a vent to self-expression. For the moment we become a part of our subject; fused with Nature, we try to discover her most intimate secrets and lay them bare upon the canvas.

Our attempts we bring to the Sketch Club to seek the counsel of our sympathetic critic, Mr. Philbrick, who quietly incites our creative potentialities; and as we truly express ourselves, he pronounces our art sincere and sensitive.



MUSIC APPRECIATION CLUB

Ordinary colleges have their art-minded groups which form a sort of upper crust, and here, in a college devoted to art, we have our upper crust. It consists of the members of the Music Appreciation Club.

Every Tuesday, when we have finished with our painting and stitching and layouts and casting and weaving, we gather in the hall and go very arty defending our gods, be they Strauss, Stravinsky, or Gershwin.

We have a healthy, growing library of recorded music which presents a well-balanced palette for painting glowing pictures of the beauty of this shining sister of our own beloved Muse.



MAGIC CLUB

A winding staircase, goggling masks, and doleful gong—the branch office of Mephistopheles without the danger of brimstone.

The Magic Club traditionally has answered a twofold need, providing a mystifying annual performance and offering pleasure to those who still retain a measure of the pixie spirit. Vanishing kerchiefs, multiplying coins, fanning cards, and endless ribbons not only develop mental and manual dexterity, but give a genuine satisfaction for participation in so venerable an art.



ART SCHOOL ASSOCIATES, INC.

The artist may fashion enduring works of art with even the most meager supplies, but the availability and improved quality of the artist's materials inspire him to increased creative expression.

The Art School Associates offers a good source of supply and an adequate variety of needed materials. It is managed and operated by students to sell artists' materials at reduced retail prices. From the profits, several scholarships are awarded annually to members of the student body.

FOG

The still green fog in pensive mood
Slinks through the mead in velvet nude
And joins me in my solitude.

—M. S.



PETER BELITSOS—PRESIDENT
RICHARD CHASE—VICE-PRESIDENT
ROSE SHECHET—SECRETARY
ARTHUR SELLER—TREASURER
EDWARD MALSBERG—CHAIRMAN OF FINANCE

STUDENT ASSOCIATION

It is well that we are afforded through the Student Association an opportunity to express ourselves in our social relationship to others through self-government.

We may seem at times to be guilty of social irresponsibility, yet few there are who more sensitively appreciate and grasp the fundamental principles of society and life.

Our organization has fine possibilities as an integrating force among the students, faculty and administration. It can, through its activities during the year, and the active cooperation of its leaders and members, affect to a great extent the standards of the school.



WM. ROBERT CANDY—PRESIDENT
NORMAN PALMSTROM—VICE-PRESIDENT
PRISCILLA GOODWIN—SECRETARY
ARTHUR WOOD—TREASURER

FRESHMAN CLASS

Food for thought! Is the fun over or has it just begun? Knowing it's a freshman's privilege to be a bit mad, we took full advantage of our ignorance and other people's tolerance.

The big professional looking portfolios, the smart (?) green smocks, the artistic atmosphere, all went to our young heads, resulting in a beautiful "art complex." Our characters were overhauled, much to the distress of our innocent parents, in a vain attempt to "find" ourselves. We hadn't realized anything was "lost" until we came to art school!

And visiting the art galleries! What an amusing sight we were to any one having sound health and a sense of humor!

When we do emerge from our chrysalis, what will we be like? "Close your eyes, Henrietta; we're going places!"

—BRONCEY YASONIS

WILLIAM GUNN—PRESIDENT
ANTOINETTE CHIAVARO—VICE-PRESIDENT
BARBARA KIRKPATRICK—SECRETARY
THOMAS BRUNEAU—TREASURER



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Now that we are Sophomores, we have left behind shades of Nofretete; we have turned from the characteristic oneness and unity of Freshmen with their universal question, "What have you got to eat?" to the more familiar strains of bookbinding, Guy Arnoux, "I'm still stuffing my form!", advertising layout—, "Here comes the Modeling Department—all two of them!"

However, our growth has been deeper and more sophisticated than it would seem. We have ceased clasping to our bosoms everything labelled "art" and have learned to select the good from the mediocre, the bad from the impossible.

With mixed emotions we look back on our hilarious, pathetic, wonderful Sophomore year and events, and forward to two more years of training, exhibits, home work and fun!

—GERTRUDE MAXIM



GOULD HULSE—PRESIDENT
FLORENCE WHITMORE—VICE-PRESIDENT
PHILIP DeROSIER—SECRETARY
WILLIAM FARRINGTON—TREASURER

JUNIOR CLASS

Today we gather the leaves of a year-book off the printing press and piece together the tradition of '41, recalling how first the T.T.'s took up the little black slate to quell the notions of incredulous children that bunnies have five legs and a tail on each side; how festive were the occasions on which the Spirit of Jollity invaded the work-hallowed D.P. haunts and, like a naughty week-end guest, made it his permanent abode; how we complacently left unfastened the last button of our sloppy sweaters till the impeccable costume designers startled us by their appearance in the rotogravure; how the general designers brought our fame to the E.A.A. Convention from their dripping tempera brushes and startling efficiency. If perchance tomorrow grows gray, we have still in our possession the fragments of these memories we created then, unknowingly.

RUTH DOHERTY
KATHLEEN BURNS

If our portrait chronicle did nothing more than report our school life and its legend in terms of reality, we would feel an immeasurable degree of success. But our days here have known a charm and a richness of spirit too elusive to be ensnared on the printed page by novices. Our pictures must inevitably be a condensed parade with perhaps a touch of immature over-enthusiasm.

Broad visions and vast schemes were soon narrowed down into the exacting tasks of plate measurements and "character" countings. We hope that, in the finished product emerging from the maze of rejected material, the layout still has its liveliness, and that the points of our plumes have not been dulled to the feathery edge. And if between the lines the reader finds mirrored some of his own idealism and struggles and happiness in work, then the Book can take its place with the records of the School's traditions, and for us it will always keep alive old memories.

YEARBOOK STAFF



HAROLD THRESHER—EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
FLORENCE WHITMORE—ASST. EDITOR
RUTH TORR—ART EDITOR
CONSTANCE TOCHER—ART EDITOR
PHILIP KREVORUCK—LITERARY EDITOR
EDWARD MALSBERG—SENIOR EDITOR
BEATRICE WEENER—JUNIOR EDITOR
VIRGINIA BARLOW—SOPHOMORE EDITOR
WM. ROBERT CANDY—FRESHMAN EDITOR

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Now that you have viewed these pages of type and tone and line you may by some fair approximation appreciate the tremendous task as it presented itself to us a few months ago. We found that in attempting to compile a school yearbook, the back-stage efforts of a small cooperative group were essential. In our Art Editors, Ruth Torr and Constance Tocher, and our Literary Editor, Philip Krevoruck, such precious cooperation was handsomely embodied.

To Arthur Seller goes credit for creating a spirited jacket design cut from linoleum blocks; to Richard Chase we give thanks for his two linoleum block designs on the end papers; to Edward Flatley we owe the fine lettering executed for the ticker-tape strips, and to Gould Hulse, the "Class of '40" lettering, together with sketches used for the clubs; Americo DiFranza, Werner Roth, Theodore Giavis, and Andre Paquette we thank for "coming through" with several line spottings. To Philip Krevoruck, Donald Spitzer, Esther Anderson, Jean Youngs, Raymond Andrews, Barbara Burditt, Eleanor Bryson, Marjorie O'Keefe and Elaine Anastos, we express our appreciation for composing the student written material of their respective departments. In Miss McDermott we found certain assurance of literary helpfulness. To the numerous other students who contributed in one form or another to the richness of this book we extend our cordial thanks.

To Mr. Palmstrom, our guiding light, no just valuation can be made but that would surely fall short of the credit due him.





